

Humorous Department

A Wise Man.—"Do I believe in lawyers?" said the little man, bitterly, according to the London Tit-Bits. "No, sir; I do not."

"Why not?" asked his companion.

"Because a lawyer never says right out what he means," retorted the small man, viciously. "He twists things about so. Suppose he wanted to tell you that two and two make four; he'd begin: 'If by that particular arithmetic rule known as addition we desire to arrive at the sum of two added by two, we should find—and I say this boldly, without fear of contradiction—I repeat, we should find by that particular arithmetic formula, hereinbefore mentioned—and sir, I take all responsibility for the statement I am about to make—that the sum of the two given added to the other would be four.' No, sir," finished the little man, coldly; "I do not believe in lawyers."

Infant Logic.—Burglars broke into a Renna home a short time ago, and made a very successful clean-up. In the home were the mother and two grown daughters, together with a grandchild five years of age, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The burglar got valuable articles from each of the adults in the family and they spent the following day in feeling sorry for each other. They expressed this mutual sorrow and sympathy again and again, until finally the child remarked:

"Well, I feel sorry for the burglar."

"But why?"

"Because he can never go to heaven."

Well, isn't that the feeling one ought to have? It was told us as a funny story, but it seems to us to be a mighty fine example of infant logic.

Just Like a Scot.—The late Cy Warner, who deserted railway literature for a real railway job in Montreal, told this story not very long before his death:

A Scotchman came upon an automobile overturned at a railway crossing. Beside it lay a man all smashed up.

"Get a doctor," he moaned.

"Did the train hit you?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes, yes; get a doctor."

"Has the claim agent been here yet?"

"No, no; please get a doctor."

"Move over, you," said the Scot, "till I lie down beside you."

He Was Tired.—Frank lives in Eastern avenue, says the Indianapolis News. A few days ago his companion, George, caught his clothing on a picket fence. He was held fast, his feet a foot or two from the ground. He pleaded with Frank to release him or to run for help, but Frank refused.

"Why don't you go and help George?" his mother inquired from the front porch.

"I'm just too tired," said Frank. "Yesterday I wanted him to 'shoo' my dog out of his yard, and he wouldn't do it, 'cause he said he was too tired. I'm just as tired as he was."

Supreme Authority.—Two little girls had an altercation. Lucy had told Ellen what she called "a little fib."

"A fib is the same thing as a story," explained Ellen, "and a story is the same thing as a lie."

"No," argued Lucy, "it is not."

"Yes it is," insisted Ellen; "because my father said so; and my father is a college professor, and he knows everything!"

"I don't care if he is a professor," said Lucy. "My father is an estate agent, and he knows a lot more about lying than your father!"

At the Top of the Stairs.—A woman from the south visiting New York for the first time was much agitated when, after being conveyed through the Hudson tube, she found herself in another subway. Rushing up to a knowledge-seeking individual, she asked, in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me, where is New York?"

"Lady," said he with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of those stairs."

Mercy Shown Client.—"We've won that suit of Thompson's against the railroad company," said the junior partner, according to the New York World. "What shall we charge him?"

"Let me see," said the senior partner. "What was the amount of the damages?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Make a bill out for nineteen thousand five hundred. He's entitled to something for giving us the case."

Song Haunted Her.—At a party Miss Brown had sung "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and for days after she was singing or humming it to herself.

"It seems to haunt me," she said to a friend, who had also been at the party.

"No wonder," said the friend, "look at the way you murdered it!"—New York Sun.

Forearmed.—"Why does the bride hate him?"

"He's one of those practical jokes whom everybody hates. The bride asked him to come over and try some of her biscuits."

"Did he go?"

"Yes, and took a hammer and a cold chisel with him."

Obliging Daughter.—"Papa," said the sweet girl affectionately, "you wouldn't like me to go away and leave you, would you?"

"Indeed I would not, my dearest," said the wealthy father fondly.

"I'm so glad," sighed the girl. "Now I'll marry Mr. Poorchap. He's willing to live here."

The Ruse Worked.—"Why won't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair.

"Because," said the smooth tongued youth, "I buy only from homey girls. They have so much harder time making sales."

And he worked this right down the line.

The Limit.—"See, here waiter," exclaimed the indignant customer, "here's a piece of wood in my sausage."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "but I'm sure—"

Inherited Trait.—"Your daughter is improving," said the music teacher, "but somehow when she gets to the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"She's just like her father," said the mother; "you know, he made his money in the retail grocery business."

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings In Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of

Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Gaffney Ledger, Aug. 24: Rev. Charles R. Turner, seven-year-old boy preacher, occupied the pulpit of the First Baptist church Thursday and Friday evenings. Owing to the inclement weather, his congregations were comparatively small. The Rev. Charles displayed a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures, with ability to interpret the various passages, preached impressive sermons. His father and mother travel with the young divine. It is reported that Hon. N. W. Hardin of Blacksburg, is considering entering the congressional race in the fifth district next year. Mr. Hardin has been in politics for a number of years and has represented Cherokee county in the state general assembly. The report that he will be in the congressional race is said to emanate from reliable sources. Mr. G. M. Phifer, for twenty years a resident of Gaffney, and one of the most highly respected and honored citizens, died suddenly at his home on Limestone street Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock, as a result of heart failure. He had just eaten his supper and gone into the bath room to clean his teeth when the fatal attack came. He had been steadily unwell since the preceding Sunday and had not been at his store since Tuesday, but he had been around the house as usual. Only a short time before supper he had been out in the yard working on his automobile. Mr. Phifer was 59 years of age. He is survived by his wife and one daughter. Mrs. Rosa A. Jackson passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. V. Gaffney, Friday evening after an illness lasting more than three months. She was 63 years of age. Besides Mrs. Gaffney, she is survived by a son, Murray T. Jackson, of Philadelphia, and a number of brothers and sisters.

Chester Reporter, Aug. 23: Master Claude Coleman, the 12-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Coleman, of the Fayetteville neighborhood, was killed in the forehead by a mule Friday evening and severely injured, the calf of the animal's hoof inflicting a deep and deadly wound. Dr. S. W. Pryor was called in Saturday morning, and performed an operation. At last accounts the boy was resting well, and had an excellent chance to recover. At a special meeting of the county board of commissioners Friday, at which Mr. W. L. Abernathy, intend of Fort Lawn, was present, Mr. H. F. Hollis was re-elected weigher at Fort Lawn. Messrs. Erskine Betts and Tom McLure expect to leave for City Point, Va., Friday, to take positions in the powder works. Dr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brice, Dr. G. B. White, Mr. T. H. White, Mr. S. E. Wylie, Mr. J. M. Bell, Mrs. Rena W. Strong, Miss Esther Strong and perhaps others, expect to leave tomorrow for All Healing Springs conference. The employees' outing over the C. & N. W. railway yesterday was greatly enjoyed. About fifty left here on a special train at six o'clock in the morning and were joined at various points along the road by others of the railway's employees and friends. A splendid dinner was served the crowd at Edgemont.

Gastonia Gazette, Aug. 24: The following party came up on the C. & N. W. this morning to attend the convention at Linwood this week: Rev. M. T. Ellis of Doraville, Ga.; Dr. B. G. Phillips, Dr. G. B. White, Mr. B. D. White and Miss Lizzie White of Chester, S. C.; Dr. E. C. Draffin and Mr. C. Sloan of Columbia; Miss Eloise Hardeman of Louisville, Ga.; Miss Gladys Patrick of White Oak, S. C.; Miss Myrtle Henry of Rodman, S. C.; Mr. P. A. Stroup of Clover, and Mr. A. K. Whitesides of Hickory Grove. Many others will come in this afternoon. The following party left this morning for Scotland county on a two-weeks' fox hunt: Messrs. J. E. and J. W. Falls, Billy Smart, Ralph Carson, J. H. Huffstutler, Carl Robinson and Roy Bradley. Messrs. W. M. Crawford and W. N. Davis will join them the latter part of the week. At 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Mr. Willie C. Pasour and Miss Corrie Moton were married, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. S. Black, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church, in the presence of a number of friends. Ralph Whitesides, the 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Whitesides, was quite painfully injured yesterday afternoon when the bicycle he was riding on West Main avenue, was struck by Mr. J. F. Johnson's automobile, throwing him very heavily to the ground. Fortunately no bones were broken, though he received a severe blow on the head, has a sprained foot and many painful bruises.

Lancaster News, Aug. 24: After a brave battle for life lasting for several years, Mr. H. E. Williams passed away at his home at Heath Springs on Tuesday, the 19th, at 12 o'clock m. Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. W. H. Dyches, in the Baptist church, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Weldon of the Methodist church, Friday morning at 10 o'clock, after which the remains were laid to rest in Salem cemetery. Mr. Williams was in his 36th year, was a member of the Baptist church, and a member of Barron Lodge No. 261, A. F. M. He also belonged to the Junior Order of United Fraternities. Rev. J. B. Dill, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist church of Gaffney, will assist the pastor in a meeting in the First Baptist church here, beginning October 11. Mrs. Maggie Bruce, aged 71 years, wife of Mr. W. B. Bruce, died at her home a few miles out from Heath Springs on Tuesday, the 17th inst., after an illness of several months. Interment took place on Wednesday afternoon at Salem cemetery, after funeral services had been held in the Baptist church by her pastor, the Rev. B. F. Carson, assisted by the Rev. J. B. Weldon and the Rev. W. H. Dyches. The many friends of Master Tom Punderbark, and they are many, will be glad to learn that he is steadily recovering from fever, with which he has been ill for the past several weeks.

Rock Hill Record, Aug. 23: Mr. O. S. Foe informs us that he is farming some, too, this year. Says he made 2,200 bushels of oats this year, and has seven wagons today hauling them to town. He also made about a half carload of wheat and is fixing to put in 50 more acres of alfalfa. A swimming meet is being arranged between the Fort Mill aquatic team and the Rock Hill Y. M. C. A. aquatic team to take place during the last week in August. Friends of Jas. A. Barber were glad to see him on the street again today after having spent some time both at the Federal infirmary and at his home on account of sickness.

PREPARING FOR A SWEEP

Kitchener's Great Army Concentrating for a Grand Campaign.

When the loss of the transport steamship Royal Edward by submarine attack was announced by England a few days ago, with the further statement that possibly thousands of the soldiers who had embarked upon this transport were lost, it was inevitable that the British press should publish some sensational article on the subject of a fact concerning which international financiers of New York have had for some time knowledge. Great Britain is congratulated on the fact that this is the first occasion upon which it has been necessary to make a name and character for which it is known, as it must soon be, that there have sailed from Great Britain more than 2,000,000 troops which have been safely landed there. The world is not so much concerned with the skill and capacity of the British navy in guarding and conveying its troops, as it is with the fact that the British government is making through effective use of its enormous obligations upon current accounts can be met.

This information states, first, that in the Great Britain of today, early in July, an army of approximately 650,000 men. This army is distinguished in name and character from the army which Lord Kitchener has been occupied for more than a year in recruiting, drilling and equipping. The latter is an army of the campaign service. By the first of July, Kitchener, working with a secrecy which was marvelous, had recruited, drilled and thoroughly equipped an army which is known as Kitchener's army and which in numbers is approximately three million men. This enumeration does not include the British army of 650,000 men which is now in Flanders. These troops are being transported and are now being transported across the channel and many times in great numbers. This movement of troops has been accomplished not only with great secrecy, but also with absolute safety. The transportation of troops is as it possibly the finest and certainly the greatest record ever made of the movement by transport.

Great Britain, existing in government circles and probably in some of the newspaper offices, has there been a great deal of speculation as to the movement. It is spoken of here as the army which Lord Kitchener had in mind when he was reported to have said at the beginning of the war that hostilities would not end until at least 18 months had passed. Of course, there is no knowledge of the secret of the movement of troops, but it is a fact that Kitchener himself and his government of the disposition which is to be made of these troops. But the inference is strong that the army which Lord Kitchener has in mind is an army that is well equipped and possesses munitions in plenty, will not remain idle. There are some who think that a great general movement may begin some time in September. That, however, would probably depend upon circumstances. To maintain an army of this kind; not merely troops of this kind, but with adequate supplies of food, will require a great deal of money. It is probable that a great credit or the shipment of large amounts of gold and of securities, means of which diamonds can be made.—Holland's New York Letter.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN DEFENSE OF COTTON

W. G. P. Harding Thinks Situation Hopeful.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 25.—W. P. G. Harding, of the Federal reserve board, told the Alabama Merchants' association here that the placing of cotton on the market by the Allies did not create a desperate situation but rather one calling for intelligent leadership. He urged southern bankers to make concessions to finance the crop and predicted there would be international competition for the American crop, despite the fact that it was contraband. Mr. Harding handled, for the reserve board, the arrangements for the hundred million dollar cotton loan fund. He explained to the Alabama merchants, however, that he was not speaking for the Federal board, but was giving his personal views.

"Germany," said Mr. Harding, "is as anxious to have cotton as the Allies are to prevent her. It is inconceivable that there may be evidence before very long of international competition for possession of the south's great staple. It is at least a possibility that cotton will be purchased in large quantities for foreign account and stored in southern warehouses, to be shipped out as needed and as opportunities for shipment arise."

"No one has ever accused the Germans of being lacking in far-sightedness. They are already looking forward to what will happen when peace is restored and that they will make a supreme effort to recover their lost trade with other nations cannot be doubted. It is reasonable to believe that they would look with complacency upon the absolute control of the cotton market by the mills of England and America, permitting them to secure their supplies of cotton at very low prices and defer their own purchases until after peace is made and take the chances of securing their own stocks at much higher prices. It is not reasonable to believe that they will arrange to buy cotton as the spinners of other nations buy it and can they not easily arrange to have their cotton purchases stored in this country for their account until they can transport it to their own shores?"

Mr. Harding said the south's welfare depends upon the marketing of cotton at fairly remunerative rates and southern bankers should, wherever possible, make liberal concessions in their usual operations on commodity loans. High interest, he pointed out, means forced sales.

"Present conditions," he said, "fully justify low rates and southern bankers should be willing to forego temporary profits for the sake of security and solidity in the future. I am sure that the Federal reserve banks may be depended upon under their power of readjusting to co-operate to the fullest extent with the banks in taking care of the cotton crop and the inference is strong that the cotton loans but extends to other staple commodities."

"It is now a matter of public knowledge that the British government and its Allies have declared cotton an absolute contraband. By that it is understood that cotton will be subject to seizure, even when consigned to neutral countries, unless the shipment is made in accordance with the terms and limitations of the proclamation declaring it contraband. As the annual takings of American cotton by Australia and Germany are approximately 3,000,000 bales, the attitude of Great Britain and her Allies has created much uncertainty in the cotton trade and great apprehension on the part of cotton producers in the south."

Mr. Harding assumed that 22,500,000 bales represent the world's normal consumption. The visible supply now, he said, was 4,250,000 bales and an estimate of 12,000,000 bales for the present American crop could not be regarded as too low. He took 6,000,000 bales as a fair estimate for all other countries. His estimate for the next 12 months, including what is now in sight, thus totaled 22,500,000 bales. The destruction of cotton against cotton, he thought, would perhaps be more effective in keeping it out of Germany than were the orders in council. If the world's cotton requirements by reason of the war were curtailed 3,000,000 bales for the coming season, he pointed out that would represent the amount that would usually go to Germany.

The Federal reserve board, he said, has been advised by the department of agriculture's office of markets that the private and cotton mill warehouses in the cotton growing states in 1914 had an aggregate storage capacity of 11,577,465 bales.

"It is thought not at all unlikely," he said, "that before the present crop comes to market there will be 5,000 warehouses of all classes in the south. Should this prove true, there will be storage capacity in the southern warehouses for not less than 12,500,000 bales of flat cotton, while the cotton mill warehouses will be able to take care of 1,300,000 bales. Census of opinion of representatives of the Federal reserve banks of St. Louis, Richmond, Dallas, Atlanta and Kansas City, consulted by counsel for the Federal reserve board, seems to be that the holder of negotiable warehouse receipts is protected from all claims of subsequent lien holders and subsequent creditors the original owner of the commodity covered by the receipt."

In view of difficulties that may arise in satisfying distant lenders as to the validity under all conditions of warehouse receipts for cotton, it would seem that the Federal reserve board have now ample facilities for the redemption of the notes taken against such loans of cotton. It is probable that any other agency to determine policy of the south in regard to the results of a gradual marketing of the crop this season will be far more satisfactory than would be the case were the crop forced upon the market within a short period.

You have an opportunity of conserving the value of the south's great asset and upon you, southern bankers and merchants, rests the responsibility of the weal or woe of a great industry which will be followed by the leading financiers freely expressing their fear that the sudden prosperity developed in some sections along certain lines of industry will be followed by a period of wild speculation and inflation. The banking reserves of this country are considerably more than one billion dollars in excess of legal requirements. Our gold holdings, over two billion dollars, are larger than those of any other two countries combined. Our trade balances are piling up unprecedentedly, probably amounting to a billion dollars during the last six months of 1915. What better investment than a southern bank ask the obligation of a merchant or farmer, which he has been carrying on a crop not yet existent, what better investment than to carry this obligation

along for a few months if necessary, secured by the actual cotton properly stored and insured and certain of a market?

President Wilson, in a letter read by Mr. Harding, expressed confidence that the banks in the agricultural regions, the south particularly, would content themselves with not exceeding 20 per cent above the normal rate and pay on money for meeting the cotton problem, and said the cotton producers should expect what they have a right to expect. The rate is in the hands of the president in Washington by Mr. Harding during a conference at the White House last Monday. It follows:

"My dear Mr. Harding: Thank you very sincerely for your letter of August 22. It gives me just the information I desired."

"What interests me most is this: It is evident from what you tell me that the country banks with whom the farmer and other producers directly deal can get money at from four to four and one-half per cent and that the question whether the benefit of the advantage of the rate is in the hands of the farmer is in his hands. It is inconceivable to me that those who are responsible for dealing directly with the producers of the country should be willing to jeopardize the prosperity of the country itself by refusing to share with the producer the benefits of the rate now obtainable for money loans."

"I think that we can confidently expect the banks in the cotton states and in the agricultural regions generally will content themselves with a rate not more than two or three per cent above the rate which they themselves pay. I hope that the facts which you have stated to me will be generally known among the producers of the country so that they may feel themselves free to exact of the banks with which they deal what they undoubtedly have a right to expect. Cordially and sincerely yours,"

"Woodrow Wilson."

THE MEXICAN LEADERS

An Intimate Sketch of the Three Mexican Chiefs.

One morning in the early part of July, I visited General Carranza when he was a guest of Francisco Villa, in the latter's palace in Chihuahua, formerly the residence of the great land baron, Terrazas.

Stepping into the great threshold of the mansion, and glancing through an open door at the extreme end of the building, I saw the president of Mexico sitting before his face into the pink juice of watermelon, while the pink juice trickled down his long, white beard and dripped on his dusty pat leather shoes.

I stood spell-bound, but a moment later one of his secretaries leaped from—I don't know where—and with a scream, closed the door between me and his chief. This he turned to me.

An Affair of State.

"What can I do for the senator?" he asked nervously.

"I wish to see President Carranza," I answered. "I am a newspaper man."

"Ah!" he smiled. "Just one moment. The first chief is busy now with affairs of state, but it will not be long before you may be admitted into his presence."

Commanding me to sit in a most gorgeous chair in the room, and bowing profusely, he disappeared from the room. Five minutes later he was inviting me into Carranza's private office. An entirely different scene confronted me. Carranza's desk was littered with papers. The watermelon had disappeared, and the big, egotistical first chief stood before me, attired in a new uniform of a screaming blue color. He stood up as I entered and offered me his hand.

"I have been very busy today," he said in a deep, sonorous voice. "But I never refuse to see an intelligent newspaper man! Now, tell me, what papers you represent?"

"I told him," I said.

"Ah! they are a great many, are they not?"

"Si, señor," I replied. "Also the largest in every one of our great cities."

He beamed on me as he stroked his beard. "I am greatly interested! I am greatly interested!"

I Am He Who—

"Most of you American newspaper men have preferred to go to Francisco Villa for your news," he began, stroking his beard. "But Villa is only a subordinate of mine. I am the chief executive of this proud nation; I am he who directs Francisco Villa's movements; I am the man who initiated the revolution against Huerta; I am he whom God has chosen to remold the history and government of the wonderful republic. I am—"

"How many children have you?" I interrupted.

"I have brought several into this world. I will make them great figures in history, because they are sons of a man who will remold this great and wonderful country. I—"

"How soon do you expect this revolution to be over?" I interrupted again.

"I will soon give orders to my different commanders which, when they are obeyed, will annihilate the enemy. I will then take complete charge of the affairs of Mexico. I will fill the greatest position in Mexico with a dignity unparalleled in history. I—"

I forgot the rest of it, but that night in my dreams huge capital letters danced around me and a chorus of voices sang: "I! I! I! I! I!"

Emiliano Zapata.

When I was in Mexico City last December a confidential agent of the American government invited me to accompany him on a trip to Cuernavaca, General Emiliano Zapata's headquarters.

Arriving at our hotel, Mr. Carothers demanded the best suite of rooms in the house. The clerk, struck by the importance of having two foreigners in his hotel, brushed aside the mozo, who carried our suit cases, and carried our baggage upstairs himself.

"Why, there are no beds in this room and no furniture!" Mr. Carothers exclaimed. "I told you I wanted the best rooms in the house."

"Oh! but these are the best rooms in the house," answered the amazed clerk. "Gen. Zapata confiscated all the rugs and sheets in the hotel so as to make clothes for his soldiers. You must sleep like we do—on the floor and use your coat for a pillow."

"All right, then," sighed Carothers. "Show me the bathroom."

Zapata Needed the Water Pipes.

"Oh! but there is no water in the bathrooms," exclaimed the clerk. "General Zapata has confiscated all the pipes so as to melt them into pennies. You must bathe in the fountain outside. You see there are no women hereabouts, so you can't object."

We had scarcely bathed in the large, cool fountain in the patio, when our orderly arrived looking for me.

"You will find General Zapata across

the patio in that room." He pointed a short, black finger toward the place behind me.

I entered a large, bare room. Rifles of every description were piled up in one corner of the sala. Near them stood huge sacks of metal disks. At least 1000 chairs were placed around this enormous room. I stood there fully a minute before I noticed that to my immediate right sat, what appeared to me, a Zapatista soldier. He was even smaller than the others I had seen. He carefully examined the gun in his hands, and apparently satisfied that it was clean, laid it aside and continued to stare at me.

Zapata Buys a Watch.

His attention suddenly centered on a \$150 watch which I wore.

"What is that?" He grabbed my hand in a vice-like grip. I pulled it away sharply.

"That is a real—a timepiece," I explained.

"You lie like a dog. All watches are big."

I held my wrist to his ear so he could listen to the ticking of the little watch. A look of amazement came into his eyes.

"Carabamba!" he exclaimed. "It is so good! What is it worth?"

I wished to impress him with my importance, so I replied: "A hundred dollars in gold."

He held out his arm. "Put it on me."

For an answer he whistled shrilly. Another soldier came into the room promptly. "Bring me \$100 in gold coins," said my friend. "Hurry up."

The messenger promptly returned with a large bag and handed it to my friend. He counted twenty pieces of gold and handed them to me.

"I believe that's equivalent to a hundred of your money, is it not?"

I nodded, but my mouth was wide open.

Just then my friend, General Bandera, came into the room.

"Greatest Warrior of Age."

A befitting expression of child-like admiration came into his eyes as he turned to my friend on the bench.

"Si! Si! My great General Emiliano Zapata!"

Turning to me, he continued: "And my Amigo, I will introduce to you the greatest warrior of the age, Apostle of the people of southern Mexico, and Savior of the Mexican nation, my General Don Emiliano Zapata!"

After I had gasped away my surprise, and returned the general's hundred dollars, saying that "I was only joking," I resumed my somewhat startling conversation with the famous half-naked Attila of the south.

"You intend to join forces with General Villa's army?" I asked.

"If Villa intends to play square with me; otherwise I will crush him. What is your president's name?" he asked.

"Woodrow Wilson."

"Tell me," continued the inquisitive Zapata, "can Senator Wilson order his enemies executed?"

"Executed?" I gasped. "Of course not!"

"He can't order people killed?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Well, what's he president for?"

Francisco Villa.

The first time I saw General Francisco Villa he was sitting on a flat car, which was attached to one of his troops on their way to Chihuahua. He had just finished a meal of tortillas and chili and was singing a song of his own brave deeds, which some Mexican poet had recently composed.

The song was often interrupted when the general would pick his yellow teeth with a murderous looking knife, which he used for all purposes. I had heard so much about the bandit-general that I instinctively approached the flat car with great caution—or maybe it was timidity—on my part.

The song was stopped while the great northern leader glared at me. The pink silk shirt he wore stuck to his body on account of the heat; his face was unshaven, and remnants of his recent meal still decorated his mustache. I carried my camera in my hand.

"Take My Picture."

As I said before, I approached him with great timidity, and stood trembling while he glowered at me from his seat on the flat car. His first words startled me.

"Take my picture." The knife was laid aside as he threw out a huge chest.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" I muttered, fumbling with my camera. "Yes, sir!"

When I exhausted my supply of films I started to interview him by asking for his opinion of Huerta. The amount of profanity this query induced made me resolve never to ask that question again.

Cautiously I attempted the second question.

"What are your plans for the establishment of a government in Mexico?"

He straightened up and squinted his eyes, flourishing his fist and pulled his mustache.

"I am fighting for the poor people," he bellowed, as he struck his paw in my face. "The only thing I want is to take everything away from the rich people and give it to the poor."

"But can this present generation of uneducated classes run the great industries of Mexico?" I asked.

A Second Napoleon.

"Of course they will," he replied, with great emphasis.

"My guns and cannon can do anything. Where there is force there is power; where there is power there is a government. I am the savior of Mexico. Even your companions, the other periodicals, call me the second Napoleon, so I have to save myself."

He took out a small cork pocket cigarette and fumbled in his coat for a match. I saw he couldn't find one, so I reached for an automatic pocket lighter in my bag.

"Here, General," I handed it to him. "Is a gift from your humble servant. You will find it very useful."

"Press that little button and you will find out," I replied.

He turned the little nickel-plated box in his hands and examined it gingerly. Then he pressed the button. True to its reputation, the tiny patent spring opened and gave forth a generous flame. I have never seen such a look of terror come into any man's face. He threw it from him with all his might, and in a choking voice called his guards and placed me under arrest.

It took a lot of explaining and persona demonstration before the northern chief was satisfied that I did not intend to "give him up"—John W. Roberts, in the Sunday American.

WOMAN AND THE HOME

Fact, Fashion and Fancy Calculated to Interest York County Women.

The Latest in Underwear.

Silk is the rage for underwear, and linen, let it be as fine as a spider's web, is not considered so desirable. First comes crepe de chine, then pussy willow taffeta, and now a third silk is added—a china silk of good and durable weight. Crepe de chine and pussy willow taffeta will, however, continue to be used, the china silk only adding one more fabric to the silken array. This new china silk is particularly liked for night robes. It is usually in white, the surface being too glossy for the pale pinks and blues to appear sufficiently soft in color for underwear.

A Few Helpful Hints.

Colored linens are so fashionable that it is well to know that delicate shades may be kept from fading by using plenty of pulverized pumice in the water in which they are washed and rinsed.

A weak solution of alum will revive the colors of a faded carpet after a thorough sweeping.

A piece of lace or net stretched and put under a hole in a lace curtain, when pressed smooth with a warm iron, will scarcely be visible.

Clean your sewing machine frequently if you would have good service. Kerosene oil and absorbent cotton are admirable for the purpose. Follow with a good lubricant.

Vegetable Marrow Jam.

Pare, seed and dice the marrow, place in a deep earthenware vessel; to each pound of fruit allow one lemon and one orange very thinly sliced, sprinkle over it in layers, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and leave for two days. Strain the syrup and boil for half an hour, skimming it well; put in the fruit and boil till tender, then add a few blanched and shredded almonds and a teaspoonful of ground ginger to each pound; boil five minutes more and pour into pots. This is a very good "breakfast jam" and most useful for "open" tarts.

Try this recipe, which is used by a well-known York county lady. The beverage is called tea punch: One quart boiling water, four tablespoonfuls tea, one cupful granulated sugar, juice of four lemons, one-half pint apollinaris. Pour the boiling water over the tea, cover and leave for five minutes, strain off and cool. Half fill the punch bowl with cracked ice, add the sugar and strained juice of the lemons, pour the tea over these, and as it goes to the table, add the apollinaris. Strew a handful of mince sprays on the surface and serve at once.

The military note continues to develop, and one now finds the charming combination of army blue

and bluff, suggesting the Revolution. Going further into the subject of color, we find numerous summer material having stripes of large dimensions and brilliant colorings. Color combination continues to be more daring with each season, until now there appears, in an exhibition of ultra-fashionable clothing, a pale pink frock with a girdle of purple, and a yellow rose pinned upon the shoulder. The description sounds unbearable, but the purple, pink and yellow are just the right shades for the blending and fall to make the expected clash. Such a combination is not a safe thing nor any but the expert to attempt, however.

Fire in Sumter Tuesday, destroyed several shacks. A colored man was knocked down by falling rafters and severely hurt.

"Gets-It" for Corns, SURE as Sunrise!

Any Corn, With "Gets-It" on it, is an Absolute "Goner!"

Yes, it's the simplest thing in the world to get rid of a corn—when you use "Gets-It"—the world's greatest corn-killer. Really, it's almost a pleasure to have corns just to see them come off with "Gets-It." It just loosens the corn from the true flesh, and then makes it come off easily. 48 hours ends corns for keeps. It makes use of tape, corn-squeezing bandages, irritating salves, knives, scissors, and razors really too ridiculous. Get rid of those corns quickly, surely, painlessly—just easily—with "Gets-It." For sale everywhere. It's the 20th century way.